

The Simpsons

"Homor's Odyssey"

Written by

Jay Kogen & Wallace Wolodarsky

Table Draft
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THE SIMPSONS

"Homor's Odyssey"

Cast List

HOMER.....DAN CASTELLANETA
MARGE.....JULIE KAVNER
BART.....NANCY CARTWRIGHT
LISA.....YEARDLEY SMITH
MRS. KRABAPPEL.....
SHERRI.....
TERRI.....
OTTO.....
WENDELL.....
MILHOUSE.....
LEWIS.....
GUARD.....
SMITHERS.....
RICHARD.....
NARRATOR.....
SMILIN' JOE FISSION....
ROD #1.....
ROD #2.....
WORKMAN #1.....
FOREMAN.....
MOE.....
BARNEY.....
PUNK TEENAGER #1.....

CAST LIST - CONT'D

TV ANNOUNCER #1.....
TV ANNOUNCER #2.....
TV ANNOUNCER #3.....
BREATHY FEMALE VOICE....
DEPSPERATE VOICE.....
JINGLE CHORUS.....
LITTLE HOMER DEVIL.....
LITTLE HOMER ANGEL.....
MRS. WINFIELD.....
OLD MAN WINFIELD.....
COUNCILMAN #1.....
COUNCILMAN #2.....
CHIEF.....
DEMONSTRATOR #1.....
MONTGOMERY BURNS.....

HOMER'S ODYSSEY

by

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ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - DAY

MRS. KRABAPPEL (pronounced KRUH-BOP-EL), BART and the rest of her CLASS wait at the curb in front of the Springfield Elementary School waiting at the curb. A sign on the wall reads "SPRINGFIELD ELEMENTARY SCHOOL", with "EL BARTO" spray-painted nearby.

The class is a NOISY rambunctious group. Mrs. Krabappel brings a police whistle tied around her neck to her mouth and BLOWS it.

MRS. KRABAPPEL

Now, class, I want you to be on your best behavior. In the past, some rotten apples have ruined our field trips for the whole group, and as you know, it's now impossible for us to return to the Puffy Donut Factory, the Municipal Aquarium and, of course, the Springfield State Prison.

(MORE)

MRS. KRABAPPEL (CONT'D)

So I want you all to be on your best behavior. Especially you, Bart Simpson.

BART

Don't blame me, Mrs. Krabappel. Those inmates were ready to riot.

The SOUND of a BUS ENGINE and HEAVY METAL MUSIC grows louder. A school bus drives over the curb and SCREECHES to a halt in front of Mrs. Krabappel and class. The door SQUEAKS open and the bus driver is OTTO DUGAN, a pale, aging heavy metal dude with dyed black hair and a headset with headbanger MUSIC BLARING TINNILY from under his driver's hat. He seems hung over.

Otto leans out the driver's window and looks at the kids lined up below.

OTTO

Sorry, little dudes. Party hardy equals tardy.

BART

(CHUCKLES) Awright, Otto! (TO MILHOUSE) Otto's a great dude. If he wasn't a bus driver, he'd be my hero.

MRS. KRABAPPEL

All right, children, count off.

The line of kids slowly moves around the bus. We HEAR the kids COUNTING OFF in the background. When Bart is below the driver's window, he looks up.

BART (CONT'D)

Hey, Otto. Hey, Ottoman.

OTTO

Hey, Bartdude.

BART

Any new tattoos?

OTTO

Funny you should ask, man. This morning I woke up with this one.

Otto rolls up the sleeve of his T-shirt to reveal a flaming skull with a dagger dripping blood stuck through it.

BART

Cool! I want one.

OTTO

Not till you're fourteen, my little friend.

Otto puts on a Walkman and starts to rock to Metallica.

MRS. KRABAPPEL (O.S.)

Bart! Bart Simpson!

We CUT WIDE, Bart realizes the rest of the line has gotten on the bus. Bart zips off.

INT. BUS

Bart enters. As he looks into the filled bus, he sees that there is one seat left in the second-to-the-last row, next to a fragile-looking boy, WENDELL. The CAMERA ZOOMS in on the boy as the MUSIC STINGS dramatically.

MRS. KRABAPPEL

Take your seat, Bart.

BART'S P.O.V.

BART

Oh, please, Mrs. Krabappel, not next to Wendell. He pukes on every bus ride.

(TO WENDELL) No offense, Wendell.

MRS. KRABAPPEL

Be that as it may, it's the only seat
left. So get in there.

As Bart crosses to the second to the last row, the other kids AD LIB: "Chop on you," "Tough luck," "Nice knowin' you, Simpson." They also make GAGGING NOISES and mime throwing up. Bart sits down next to Wendell.

WENDELL

Please try not to shake the seat like
that.

Mrs. Krabappel takes the mini-microphone and begins to speak, but loud piercing FEEDBACK comes out of the speaker.

MRS. KRABAPPEL

(INTO MICROPHONE) Now class, we all
know the rules of the bus.

She points to a sign in the front of the bus.

MRS. KRABAPPEL (CONT'D)

(INTO MICROPHONE; READING THE SIGN)

Number One: No standing.

MILHOUSE

But you're standing.

The kids CHUCKLE.

MRS. KRABAPPEL

(INTO MICROPHONE) The bus is not in motion, Milhouse. Number Two: No talking to the driver.

OTTO

(TOO LOUD BECAUSE OF HEADPHONES) Wha'd
you say, Mrs. Krabappel?

MRS. KRABAPPEL

(INTO MICROPHONE) Number Three: Do not stick any part of your body out the window. We all know the sad story about the young man who stuck his arm out the window and tragically had it ripped off by a big truck coming in the other direction.

The bus is hushed in awe. Bart stands up, one arm tucked inside his shirt, his shirt sleeve flapping.

BART

And I was that boy!

There is a mixed reaction of SCREAMS and CHEERS from the students.

MRS. KRABAPPEL

(INTO MICROPHONE) Bart Simpson, sit down. I've had just about enough of your tomfoolery. Now I want ten seconds of silence from all of you or this bus isn't going anywhere. One, two--

LEWIS (O.S.)

Buckle my shoe.

MRS. KRABAPPEL

(INTO MICROPHONE) I mean it. I can wait all day. We're not leaving till I get five seconds of silence. One, two, three...

BART

Strikes, you're out.

The kids LAUGH.

MRS. KRABAPPEL

(INTO MICROPHONE) All right, one
second of silence. One. (TO OTTO)
Go!

The bus STARTS UP with the horrible GRINDING OF GEARS.

WENDELL

(MOANING) I don't feel so hot.

Bart is not happy. The BUS PULLS OUT and starts down the road.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

The bus passes a BUBBLING PIT with a sign reading:
"SPRINGFIELD TOXIC WASTE DUMP." Kids wave and MEN in safety suits wave back.

They pass the tire yard, where old tires are stacked as far as the eye can see and a sign states "SPRINGFIELD TIRE YARD. HOME OF LOTS OF OLD TIRES". Some kids in the bus wave out the window and several YARD WORKERS, covered head to toe with soot, wave back.

The bus drives by a large concrete building labeled "SPRINGFIELD STATE PRISON. OVER 1200 SERVING". The kids wave and we see arms sticking out of barred windows waving back.

INT. BUS

Wendell is getting very sick and woozy. Bart frantically raises his hand.

BART

Mrs. Krabappel...! Mrs. Krabappel...!

MRS. KRABAPPEL

(INTO MICROPHONE) Bart, not another word out of you, or I'll make you sing in front of the class.

BART

Can I pick the song?

MRS. KRABAPPEL

(INTO MICROPHONE) No. The song will be, "John Henry Is A Steel Drivin' Man".

BART

Oh no.

Bart makes the gesture of zipping his lips shut.

LEWIS

Look, there's our school again.

The bus indeed passes the school.

MRS. KRABAPPEL

(INTO MICROPHONE) Otto, are you sure you...?

OTTO

Trust me, Mrs. K. It's a shortcut.

Two angelic twins in neat little dresses, TERRI AND SHERRI, are seated in the last row, right behind Bart and WENDELL.

SHERRI

Talk, Bart Simpson.

They pull his ear. Bart keeps his mouth clamped shut.

TERRI

You're so stupid, Bartholomew.

They pull his hair. Bart emits a small closed-mouth SQUEAK of protest.

SHERRI

We're gonna make you sing.

They both kiss Bart, one on each cheek.

BART

(ANGUISHED WAIL OF DISGUST)

Mrs. Krabappel turns around.

MRS. KRABAPPEL

(INTO MICROPHONE) That's it, Bart!

Why can't you be more like Sherri and
Terri? They know how to behave.

Sherri and Terri sit with their hands folded on their laps, looking perfect, with an angelic light behind their heads.

EXT. NUCLEAR POWER PLANT - DAY

The bus pulls up in front of the Springfield Nuclear Power Plant. A sign labels the plant and under it states: "WE'RE SAFER THAN YOU THINK."

Bart is SINGING "John Henry", inserting his name into the lyrics.

BART

(SINGS) "They took Bart Simpson to the
graveyard / And they buried him in the
sand / And every locomotive that comes
roarin' by / Says, 'There lies a steel-
drivin' man,' Lord! Lord!--"

MRS. KRABAPPEL

(INTO MICROPHONE; INTERRUPTING) All
right, Bart, that's enough.

BART

Hey, Wendell, you made it, buddy.

Bart slaps Wendell on the back.

EXT. BUS

We HEAR a RETCHING NOISE. The kids exit the bus as quickly as possible, spilling out the emergency door and windows.

INT. NUCLEAR POWER PLANT

Mrs. Krabappel walks up to a GUARD behind the main security booth. The guard is eating a sandwich, and watching "Krusty the Kloon" on a small bank of security monitors. The children pass by, ducking under the turnstile, unseen.

GUARD

Whoa, not so fast, lady. Security check.

MRS. KRABAPPEL

I'm a teacher.

GUARD

Prove it.

MRS. KRABAPPEL

Don't you talk to me that way, young man.

GUARD

You're a teacher.

The turnstile goes up and Mrs. Krabappel enters.

INT. NUCLEAR POWER PLANT

Once inside, they are met by a permanently smiling slick P.R. man, MR. SMITHERS.

SMITHERS

Hello, you must be Mrs. Crabapple.

MRS. KRABAPPEL

That's Krabappel.

SMITHERS

Of course. I'm Phil Smithers. And these must be the energy consumers of the future. Well, everybody just step through this door and we'll start our tour. I'll collect your signed safety waivers as you pass by.

The kids pass, single file, through the door. A sign above the door: "EXTREME DANGER: RADIOACTIVE AREA. ENTER AT YOUR OWN RISK."

BART

Hey, mister. What are these waivers for?

SMITHERS

Just a formality. You'd have to sign the same things if you visited, oh, say, a toxic waste dump.

BART

That's cool.

Bart hands over his waiver.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - LATER

The class is seated in a meeting room. Smithers is at the front giving a lecture, using a pointer and a wall chart.

SMITHERS

...And so this plant harnesses the power of the atom so that we have the energy to run everything from your favorite video games to yummy cotton candy machines.

The kids CHEER.

SMITHERS (CONT'D)

How many people here have relatives working in the plant?

Several hands go out. Bart stands.

BART

(PROUD) My dad is a technical supervisor.

Bart sits proudly. RICHARD stands up, even prouder.

RICHARD

My dad is supervising technician.

The twins stand up.

TERRI AND SHERRI

Our dad is the supervising technical supervisor.

Milhouse stands up, the proudest.

MILHOUSE

My dad can open beer bottles with his teeth.

The class is very impressed.

SMITHERS

Let's learn more about nuclear energy,
shall we? Lights?

The lights dim and a projector begins **WHIRRING**.

ON MOVIE SCREEN

We see the "4,3,2,1" of the film leader and then the title card:

"NUCLEAR ENERGY: OUR MISUNDERSTOOD FRIEND"

NARRATOR (V.O.)

(FROM SCREEN) Most people, when they
think of nuclear energy, think of this.

The screen shows a mushroom cloud.

ON CLASS

Watching the film in excitement, the kids **CHEER** and **APPLAUD** as their faces reflect the glow of the **ON-SCREEN EXPLOSION**.

ON MOVIE SCREEN

NARRATOR (V.O. CONT'D)

(FROM SCREEN) But when we talk about
nuclear energy, we really mean this.

The screen shows a family using every electrical appliance possible: stereo, TV, electric fan, vacuum cleaner, shaver, etc. A pig is also being roasted on a rotisserie. The screen goes blank as different colored question marks appear.

NARRATOR (V.O.; CONT'D)

(FROM SCREEN) But what exactly is
nuclear energy? I don't know, but I
know someone who does: Smilin' Joe
Fission.

SMILIN' JOE FISSION, a little animated character looking like the symbol for the atom with arms, legs and a smiling head attached, walks on screen.

SMILIN' JOE FISSION

(FROM SCREEN) Hi there, energy eaters.

I'm Smilin' Joe Fission, your atomic tour guide to the strange and exciting world of nuclear power.

Smilin' Joe Fission walks over to THREE GLOWING, SWEATING RODS with faces and legs.

SMILIN' JOE FISSION (CONT'D)

(FROM SCREEN) And these are rods of uranium two-thirty-five. Hi, Rod.
Hey, Rod. How you doin', Rod?

The Rods AD LIB: "Hey, Smilin' Joe;" "Howdy;" "Good to see ya;" etc.

SMILIN' JOE FISSION (CONT'D)

(FROM SCREEN) Hey, you guys look hot.

ROD #1

(FROM SCREEN) Of course we're hot.

ROD #2

(FROM SCREEN) We're radioactive!

SMILIN' JOE FISSION

(FROM SCREEN) Well, how 'bout a dip in the pool?

RODS

(FROM SCREEN) Good idea!

The rods run to a pool and jump in acrobatically. The rods AD LIB: "Wheee!", "Last one in is a rotten egg!", etc.

SMILIN' JOE FISSION

(FROM SCREEN) The rods make the water
so hot, it boils.

The water starts to BOIL.

SMILIN' JOE FISSION (CONT'D)

(FROM SCREEN) And the steam spins
turbines that generate energy.

Turbines spin and animated WHISTLES make carnival MUSIC.

A silhouette of Bart's head blocks the screen.

MRS. KRABAPPEL

Down, Bart.

Bart sits down.

BART

(WHISPERS) How'd she know it was me?

BACK ON SCREEN

Angry little glowing ROCKS with waving arms come marching
by Smilin' Joe Fission.

SMILIN' JOE FISSION

(FROM SCREEN) Whoops! Looks like
there's a little leftover nuclear
waste! No problem! I'll just put it
where nobody'll find it for a million
years.

Smilin' Joe Fission sweeps the nuclear waste under a rug,
then stomps on the rug to smooth it out. A nuclear waste
rock POPS out and LAUGHS OBNOXIOUSLY. Smilin' Joe Fission
kicks it off screen.

SMILIN' JOE FISSION

(FROM SCREEN) So now you know the whole true story of Nuclear Energy, Our No Longer Misunderstood Friend. So tell your friends and tell your folks. And keep on smilin'.

Smilin' Joe Fission winks and waves.

TITLE CARD: "THE END". MUSIC up and out.

ON CLASS

Mr. Smithers turns the lights back on. The class APPLAUDS weakly.

MRS. KRABAPPEL

Very informative.

SMITHERS

Well, there you have it. Any questions? (PAUSE) Okay then. We'll just put on these radioactivity gauges before we enter the plant.

Mr. Smithers presses a button and a huge steel door OPENS WITH A WHIR. We HEAR an OMINOUS THROBBING HUM.

INT. PLANT - DAY

Mr. Smithers leads the class through the labyrinthine plant.

SMITHERS

..And over here is our thermal regulator. To your right, if you look through this window, you'll see where our water rejoins the rest of nature's biosphere.

Through a window, a pipe spills out onto a beautiful glen. A three-eyed fish jumps out of the water and back in.

The tour continues.

SHERRI

Hey, Bart. Our dad says your dad is incompetent.

BART

What does "incompetent" mean?

TERRI

It means he spends more time yakking and scarfing down donuts than doing his job.

BART

What can I say? The man knows how to live.

INT. COFFEE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Homer is sitting by the coffee maker, munching donuts. Other WORKERS stand around in radiation suits.

HOMER

You know, I defy anyone to tell the difference between these donuts and ones baked today. Hey, my boy's s'posed to be here any second now on a field trip. They been through here yet?

WORKMAN #1

Come on, Simpson. If they wanted the kids to see you sitting around on your butt and stuffing your face they'd take them on a tour of your house.

HOMER

(EXCITED) You're right! I gotta get where the action is!

Homer runs and hops into his electric cart, setting his cup of coffee on the dashboard. He steers with one hand, and holds a donut up with the other hand. The cart takes off very slowly. **SFX: ELECTRICAL HUM.** Homer **BEEPS** his little horn in warning.

HOMER

Comin' through.

INT. PLANT - CATWALK - CONTINUOUS

Bart and the other kids are on a catwalk above the work area. They're near a sign reading: "OUR SAFETY RECORD: 7 DAYS WITHOUT AN ACCIDENT." Bart looks down to see Homer driving through in his electric cart.

BART

Hey, there's my dad. (YELLS) Hey,
Dad! Hey, Dad!

TERRI

Yeah, out on another donut run.

Homer looks around.

BART

I'm up here!

Homer looks up and waves his donut.

HOMER

Oh, hi, son!

Homer, having taken his eyes off the road, CRASHES head-on into a pipe with the nuclear symbol on it. The pipe breaks open and STEAM shoots out onto the entire class, turning their badges from blue to red. An ALARM goes off, steel doors SLAM shut, the "7 DAYS" sign changes automatically to "0 DAYS." The foreman walks out with a bullhorn.

FOREMAN

(INTO BULLHORN) Please, there's no need to panic! Everything's under control! (PAUSE) Omigod.

Various WORKERS in radiation suits pull levers and turn valves, shutting off the steam. Quickly, everything is quiet. The Foreman looks around with his hands on his hips.

FOREMAN

(INTO BULLHORN) All right, who's responsible for this?

The other workers point at Homer. Homer reluctantly raises his hand.

FOREMAN (CONT'D)

(INTO BULLHORN) I might have known it was you, Simpson.

HOMER

But sir, I--

FOREMAN

(INTO BULLHORN) I don't want to hear
about it, Simpson. You're fired.

(LOOKING UP) Oh, hi, girls!

TERRI & SHERRI

(LOOKING DOWN) Hi, Dad.

Homer **SLAPS** his forehead and **MOANS**.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - DAY

It is the morning in the Simpson household. The entire family is gathered around the breakfast table preparing for the day. Bart and LISA are eating cereal. MAGGIE sits in her highchair eating an unknown goo-like substance. Homer sits at the table wearing a coat and tie with his hair neatly combed. MARGE is cooking Homer's breakfast, scraping some crispy fried eggs off a frying pan and putting them on Homer's plate.

HOMER

Eat up, children. You know the old saying: Breakfast is the most important meal of the day.

BART

I've got one for you, too, Dad. Don't dunk and drive.

Lisa is reading the classified section of the morning paper. Maggie offers Homer her pacifier. He waves it away despondently.

LISA

Here's a good job at the fireworks
factory.

HOMER

Those perfectionists? Forget it.

LISA

This sounds perfect: Supervising
technician at the toxic waste dump.

HOMER

Dammit, I'm no supervising technician.
I'm a technical supervisor. It's too
late to teach this old dog new tricks.

Homer is depressed.

MARGE

There, there, Homer. You'll find a
job. We know you can do it.

LISA

Yeah, Dad. You can do it!

BART

Yeah, go for it, Dad.

LISA

Yeah, Dad!

BART

Get a job, Dad!

ON HOMER

He is energized by his family's confidence in him.

HOMER

I can do it! Yes, you're right! I can
do it! Nothing can stop me! Watch out
world, here comes Homer Simpson!

The family **CHANTS** "Homer, Homer" as he heads out the door with triumphant **MUSIC** swelling in the background. After Homer exits, the family drops out of the chant, one by one. Finally, only Maggie is doing it, **SUCKING** on her pacifier rhythmically and raising her arms. Then, sheepishly, she stops, too.

CUT TO A SERIES OF SHOTS that include:

An ornate wooden door **SLAMS** shut in Homer's face.

A factory door **SLAMS** shut in Homer's face.

A frosted glass office door **SLAMS** shut in Homer's face.

A large rolling metal door of a garage **SLAMS** down in front of him.

The drive-by window of a fast-food restaurant **SLAMS** shut in Homer's face.

Finally a normal door **SLAMS** in his face. It reopens a crack to reveal Bart sticking his head out.

BART

Don't come back 'till you get a job.

Bart **SLAMS** the (Simpson's) front door in Homer's face.

INT. BAR - MOE'S TAVERN - AFTERNOON

Homer is sitting at the bar.

HOMER

I tell ya, Moe, things are gonna be
different around the Simpson house. No
more sax lessons for Lisa. Bart's not
gonna get the brakes on his bike fixed.

(MORE)

HOMER (CONT'D)

Marge'll have to feed us less desirable cuts of meat. The only way we're gonna make it is if we all pull together and cut back. Hit me again, Moe... and make it a double.

Homer pushes empty glass towards Moe and TAPS on counter. Moe pours him a drink. Homer takes a big swig, then stares at the glass he holds in his hand.

HOMER

I'm just a technical supervisor who cared too much.

SFX: PHONE RINGS. Moe picks it up.

MOE

(INTO PHONE) Moe's Tavern.

BART (V.O.)

(FROM PHONE) Is Mr. Freely there?

MOE

(INTO PHONE) Who?

BART (V.O.)

(FROM PHONE) Freely. First initials, I.P.

MOE

(INTO PHONE) Hold on, I'll check.

(CALLS) Is I.P. Freely here? I.P. Freely? I. P. Freely?

Most of barflies LAUGH.

BARNEY

I wish I did.

MOE

Wait a minute. (INTO PHONE) Listen
you lousy bum! When I get ahold of you
I'm gonna rip your arms and legs off!

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE

Bart and Lisa roll on the floor, LAUGHING convulsively.

INT. MOE'S TAVERN

Moe hangs up angrily.

HOMER

You'll get that punk someday, Moe.

MOE

I don't know. He's tough to catch. He
keeps changing his name. Look, Homer,
losing a job is one of the most
humiliating things that can happen to a
guy, but you can't just lie around
feeling sorry for yourself. You got to
get up, shave, get out of the house,
establish a routine.

BARNEY

That's right. I haven't worked a day in
six years but I'm here every morning at
ten o'clock, rain or shine.

HOMER

Thanks, Barney. (REACHES INTO HIS POCKET) Moe, I think I'll have another -- (OPENS WALLET, SEES IT IS EMPTY) -- Whoops. (CHECKS POCKETS, PULLS INSIDE OUT) Moe, I'm a little low on funds. Think you could cover me just this once?

MOE

Homer, it'd be the easiest thing in the world. But if I ran a tab for you, I'd have to run a tab for every other unemployed drunk who stumbles in here. Still friends?

HOMER

Sure.

Homer goes to the door, takes one last wistful look around, and exits.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT - DARK

Homer and Marge are in bed. We hear INCOHERENT MUMBLING from Homer.

MARGE

Homer, it's two a.m. Are you still awake?

HOMER

Go back to sleep.

MARGE

Are you all right, Homer?

She turns on the lights. Homer is a bug-eyed personification of anxiety. Marge puts her arms around Homer. She is wearing a four-foot nightcap...the same size as her hair.

HOMER

I'm fine. I'm just thinking.

MARGE

I've been thinking too. You know, Homer, you've always been such a good provider, but when we got married, Mr. Berger promised I could come back to my old job anytime I wanted.

HOMER

Do you think you can still do that kind of work?

MARGE

Sure! It's just like riding a bicycle.

CUT TO:

EXT. BERGER'S BURGERS - NIGHT

We are in a Drive-in Restaurant. Marge comes roller skating out wearing a short, tight mini-skirt and carrying four huge trays of food. She looks harried.

PUNK TEENAGER #1

(YELLS) Hey, where's my fries already?

INT. SIMPSON LIVING ROOM - DAY

An unshaven Homer lies on a couch staring into space. He is comatose. Bart, Lisa and Maggie stand around. The TV is on.

BART

Come on, Dad. This is your favorite show.

We hear the **SOUND OF A BOWLING BALL** rolling down an alley and **KNOCKING** over of pins. Homer remains comatose.

BART (CONT'D)

All he does is lie there like an
unemployed whale.

LISA

Before Mom skated to work this morning,
she made some of her famous baloney and
cheese sandwiches with mustard and
lettuce on white bread. Want one?

HOMER'S P.O.V - THE CEILING

Bart leans INTO FRAME, waves his hand in front of Homer's eyes. Lisa leans INTO FRAME.

LISA

(TO BART) Light's on but nobody's
home.

Maggie leans in and **SUCKS**. She taps Homer on the eye, her finger filling the screen. **SFX: PING, PING, PING.**

BART

I guess the only thing left to do is
take advantage of the old guy. You
gotta sign my report card, Dad.

Bart shows Homer a report card (lots of F's and U's).

BACK TO SCENE

Bart puts a pen in Homer's hand, lifts it, and has Homer sign.

MATCH DISSOLVE
TO:

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - DEN - NIGHT

Homer hasn't moved.

HOMER'S P.O.V.

Marge, still in her uniform but not on skates, has a plate of sandwiches and LEANS INTO FRAME.

MARGE (CONT'D)

(TO HOMER) If you're interested, I
made some sandwiches.

HOMER'S P.O.V.

Homer's hands reach into frame, slowly grabbing the sandwich. It disappears off screen. We hear CHOMPING sounds. She brings another one on-screen. The hands reach up. We hear more CHOMPING. She brings another one on-screen. The hands reach up again. More CHOMPING sounds.

BACK TO WIDE SHOT

MARGE (CONT'D)

That's good, Homer, you gotta keep your
strength up.

She kisses him on his forehead.

MATCH DISSOLVE
TO:

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - DEN - NIGHT

Homer hasn't moved. The moon is outside the window.

ON SCREEN

TV ANNOUNCER #1

(FROM TV) We'll be back to
Unemployment Theatre and the exciting
conclusion of Federico Fellini's "La
Dolce Vita," after these messages.

SFX (FROM TV): RING, RING, RING.

TV ANNOUNCER #1 (CONT'D)

(FROM TV) Unemployed? Are your
creditors hounding you? Call the Money
Hut now. With one phone call we can
turn all those pesky little bills into
one manageable mountain of debt.

TV ANNOUNCER #2

(FROM TV) Out of work? Down on your
luck? Looking for a good time? Call
1-900-555-IDLE, the party line for the
unemployed.

BREATHY FEMALE VOICE

(FROM TV) Don't worry, you'll get a
job.

DESPERATE VOICE

(FROM TV) I will?

Homer reaches for the phone.

TV ANNOUNCER #2

(FROM TV) Two dollars plus toll, if any. Children, please don't call without your parents' permission, even though they'll never know.

TV ANNOUNCER #3

(FROM TV) Unemployed? Out of work? Sober? You sat around the house all day, but now it's Duff time. Duff's the beer that makes the days fly by.

JINGLE CHORUS

(SINGS) "You can't get enough of that wonderful Duff."

Homer switches off the TV.

HOMER

Beer! Now there's a temporary solution.

INT. REFRIGERATOR

The refrigerator is dark until Homer opens it.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Oh, no!

Homer shoves the various cans and containers aside, looking for a beer.

HOMER (CONT'D)

There must be some beer here somewhere... Ah, maybe in here.

Homer takes out a cake box.

HOMER'S P.O.V.

He opens cake box. There is a cake inside that says "Don't worry, Daddy, we love you anyway."

HOMER

Damn!

Homer tosses the cake over his shoulder. Homer's face becomes twisted with insanity (a la Jack Nicholson in "The Shining").

HOMER (CONT'D)

I need money!

INT. BART'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Bart is sleeping peacefully in his bed. His room is littered with discarded toys, comic books and cookies. The door **CREAKS** open and Homer creeps into the room, still in the grip of madness. After a moment of searching, his face lights up.

The **CAMERA ZOOMS IN** on a piggy bank that sits on a shelf just above Bart's head. Homer eyes it and then quietly crosses the room and grabs the piggy bank. He freezes when he hears Bart **SNORT** in his sleep.

Homer waits a beat and then creeps out of the room.

INT. STAIRS - SIMPSON HOUSE

Homer tiptoes down the stairs with the piggy bank under his arm. He places the piggy bank on the counter and searches for a hammer, finally finding one in a utility drawer. Homer hesitates.

HOMER

What am I doing?

LITTLE HOMER DEVIL appears over Homer's shoulder. He's smoking a cigar.

LITTLE HOMER DEVIL

You're smashing open the little brat's
piggy bank for a beer! Go on! You
can't get enough of that wonderful
Duff.

LITTLE HOMER ANGEL appears over Homer's other shoulder. He has a heart.

LITTLE HOMER ANGEL

Gee, I've been out of work so long, I
don't know what's right and wrong
anymore.

HOMER

Okay, great.

Little Homer Angel and Little Homer Devil fade away. Homer brings the hammer down on the piggy bank, which breaks open.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Oh no, what have I done? I smashed
open my little boy's piggy bank, and
for what? A few measly cents. Not
even enough for one beer. (THEN) Wait
a minute, let me count and make sure...

He rummages through the shards, counting rapidly. Little Homer Devil pops up again.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Not even close.

LITTLE HOMER DEVIL

You make me sick. You know what I would do if I were you? I'd blow my brains out.

Little Homer Angel appears.

LITTLE HOMER ANGEL

You can't do that. You have to have money to buy a gun. Drown yourself. It's free and you can do it right now.

Homer walks over to the refrigerator. On the freezer door is a memo pad with a pen on a string. The pad says "DUMB THINGS I GOTTA DO TODAY" with beautiful flowing flowers along the borders.

Homer takes the pen that hangs from a string and writes:

HOMER

"Dear Family: Let's be realistic. I'm an utter failure and you'll be better off without me. By the time you read this, I will be in my watery grave. I can only leave you with the words my father left with me: 'Stand tall, have courage and never give up.' I only hope I can provide a better model in death than I did in life. Warmest regards, Homer J. Simpson."

Homer lets go of the pen and walks out of the house.

EXT. SIMPSON BACKYARD - NIGHT

Homer has a rope tied around his neck. He ties the other end of the rope to a big rock which he lifts with a MIGHTY GRUNT.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

We see a **GRUNTING** Homer walk off into the night carrying the rock.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

EXT. SIMPSON NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

Homer is staggering down the street with his rock. It is dark and the streets of Springfield are empty. After a few steps, he passes the house where THE WINFIELDS, an old couple, are passing the time out on the porch.

MRS. WINFIELD

Looks like young Simpson is going to
kill himself.

OLD MAN WINFIELD

Maybe he's just taking his boulder for
a walk.

They begin to LAUGH. Their LAUGHTER turns into desperate GASPS for air. Homer walks on.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Bart and Lisa rush in and shake their mother.

BART

Mom! Mom! Wake up!

LISA

We've been robbed!

MARGE

What?

BART

Someone swiped my piggy bank.

Marge, Bart and Lisa rush out.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Marge and Bart see Homer isn't on the couch.

MARGE

Your father's gone, too.

BART

They must have taken everything shaped
like a pig.

Lisa runs into the living room holding Homer's suicide note.

LISA

Look what I found.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Homer is now dragging the rock toward the bridge, which is across the intersection. We HEAR the RUSH of the river below.

HOMER

(PANTING) Almost there.

Homer is halfway across the street when a car comes out of nowhere blaring the HORN and narrowly missing Homer.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Hey, what are you trying to do, kill
somebody?

EXT. SIMPSON HOUSE

The rest of the family, in their pajamas, robes, and slippers, rushes out of the house toward the bridge.

ENTRANCE TO THE BRIDGE

Homer drags the rock to the middle of the bridge. He sees there's an identical large rock there, right where he's going to leap off. He looks at that rock, and then he looks at his rock.

HOMER

Well, live and learn.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The family sees Homer and they halt in horror.

MARGE

There he is!

BART

Don't do it, Homer!

THE FAMILY

They rush out into intersection to stop Homer.

Homer sees the truck coming towards his family.

HOMER

Watch out! Be careful!

THE FAMILY

The speeding truck rushes towards them.

HOMER

Unties the rope from around his neck, tosses it aside, and rushes towards the family.

FAMILY

The truck swerves and misses them as Homer runs out into the intersection. He hugs them and leads them off the street.

HOMER

Boy, this intersection is murder!

Someone ought to put a stop sign here.

A ray of golden light lands on Homer's head.

MARGE

Homer, how could you think of killing
yourself? Our family could never be
better off with that.

BART/LISA

Yeah!

As Homer speaks, the sun rises behind him. The whole family is bathed in a golden glow. Birds start to SING.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Kill myself? Killing myself is the last thing I'd ever do. Now I have a purpose, a reason to live. I will not rest until this street gets a stop sign. I don't care who I have to face. I don't care who I have to fight. With my family behind me, there's no way I can lose.

The family all hug and look off into the golden sunrise. It's a new day for the Simpsons.

EXT. SPRINGFIELD CITY HALL - SUNSET

Establishing shot of the very unimpressive-looking City Hall. The name "EL BARTO" is written in spray paint across the face of the building.

INT. CITY COUNCIL CHAMBERS - EVENING

The Simpsons sit in the front row of an almost empty session of the Springfield City Council. Homer and Bart are in suits and ties. Marge and Lisa are in nice dresses and Maggie wears a special bonnet. On the council dais are THREE MEN, two average-looking white men and one average-looking black man.

COUNCILMAN #1

Well, as you all know, Springfield is fast approaching its One Hundred and Fiftieth anniversary, and we thought it was high time we change the town motto from "Springfield, A Town For The Eighteen Hundreds" to something more hep. The committee has narrowed it down to two contenders. First: "Springfield, Home of Heroes," which sounds good, but which we all know is a complete lie. Second: "Springfield, A Town For The Nineteen Hundreds" which will be good for another ten years, then it'll be somebody else's problem.

COUNCILMAN #2

Very good. The council will take the matter under advisement.

COUNCILMAN #1

Second.

COUNCILMAN #2

All in favor.

Both of them raise their hands.

COUNCILMAN #1

Done. Now Police Chief Wiggum will give us an update on our graffiti problem.

The uniformed CHIEF swaggers up to the podium still wearing his sunglasses.

CHIEF

It's no secret that this city has been plagued by a graffiti vandal known as "El Barto". Police artists have a composite sketch of the culprit. If anyone has any information, please contact us immediately.

He holds up a sketch drawing that looks similar to Bart only older and meaner, with beard stubble and a cigarette. He hands it to Bart, who looks at it and passes it on. Everyone AD LIBS: "Ooh, tough customer," "Don't want to run into him in a dark alley", etc.

COUNCILMAN #1

So moved. Next on the agenda, new business. (READING) Homer Simpson, local resident, has something.

Mr. Simpson?

MARGE

(WHISPERS) Don't be nervous. We believe in you, Homer.

Homer takes out a thick stack of papers and nervously steps up to the podium. He gathers his speech and notes and takes a moment to compose himself.

HOMER

Ladies and gentlemen, esteemed Councilmen, boys and girls. Danger comes in many, many forms, from the dinosaurs that tormented our cavemen ancestors to the --

COUNCILMAN #2

(INTERRUPTING) Simpson, get to the point!

HOMER

Oh well, it's dangerous to cross the street at D Street and Twelfth.

COUNCILMAN #1

Oh, yeah, over by Loser's Leap. What do you propose?

HOMER

Well, a stop sign. I believe that--

COUNCILMAN #1

All in favor?

COUNCILMEN

Aye.

Councilman #1 **BANGS** his gavel.

COUNCILMAN #1

Approved. Meeting adjourned. Coffee and maple logs in the lobby.

Homer, confused, slowly walks back to his family.

MARGE

You did it, Homer.

LISA

All right, Dad.

BART

Way to go, Homer.

Maggie **SUCKS** in approval.

HOMER

Yes, but I am not going to rest on my laurels. If they think I'm going to stop at that stop sign, they're sadly mistaken.

MARGE

What are you going to do?

HOMER

I'm going to make Springfield the safest community in the tri-state area. But I can't do it as plain old Homer Simpson. I need a gimmick, an identity, something that will strike fear in the hearts of the clumsy and the reckless.

LISA

(TO BART) I think dad's getting a little carried away.

BART

(TO LISA) Yeah, man. Never thought he'd become "Mr. Safety".

HOMER

That's it! From this day forward, I, Homer Simpson, shall be known as... Mr. Safety.

MARGE

Does that make me Mrs. Safety?

HOMER

No.

MONTAGE

Homer, who is now wearing a baseball cap with "Mr. Safety" embroidered on it, proudly poses with his family in front of the new stop sign. There is a bright flash and the moment becomes a still photo on the page of a newspaper, (The Springfield Shopper). Every new location in this sequence follows that pattern.

Homer displays a "CAUTION" sign. The headline reads "MR. SAFETY STRIKES AGAIN".

Homer poses on his knees next to a speed bump. CAMERA PANS UP TO "SPEED BUMP" sign. The headline reads "DOZENS CHEER MR. SAFETY."

Homer points to a "SIGN AHEAD" sign. The headlines read "WATCH OUT, HERE COMES MR. SAFETY."

He clamps his hand over his head in victory next to a "PLEASE DRIVE FRIENDLY" sign. The headlines read "ENOUGH ALREADY MR. SAFETY."

Homer smiling broadly underneath a sign that reads "DIP".

MATCH DISSOLVE
TO:

EXT. PARK - DAY

We're IN COLOR now. The park is covered with signs like "CHILDREN AT PLAY", "NO SKATEBOARDING", "GIVE A HOOT, DON'T POLLUTE", etc. Marge ENTERS FRAME carrying a camera. Homer is still wearing his cap.

MARGE

Oh, Homer. I'm so proud of you.

HOMER

(DOWN) Proud. Proud of what?

MARGE

Well, everything. (GESTURING) Your dip sign, for instance. Now people won't be caught off-guard by that little (MAKES DIP GESTURE WITH HER HAND) in the road.

BART

Yeah, they used to call that place Dead Man's Dip.

HOMER

Ah, what a great family! But come on, we all know this is small potatoes. There is a danger in this town that is bigger than all the dips put together. An ever-present looming peril that threatens our lives every minute of the day.

LISA

What, Dad?

HOMER

I'm talking about that!

Homer points dramatically to the West. We WHIP PAN to an ICE CREAM TRUCK:

LISA

The ice cream truck?

CUT BACK TO HOMER:

HOMER

No, not the ice cream truck. That!

He points slightly higher. WHIP PAN past ice cream truck to nuclear power plant:

MARGE

You don't mean you're going to take on
your old bosses?

HOMER

I'll make them rue the day they ever
set eyes on Homer Simpson.

BART

If they don't already.

HOMER

Thanks, boy.

EXT. NUCLEAR PLANT - DAY

A hundred PEOPLE are gathered with anti-nuclear signs and banners: "PEOPLE AGAINST PEOPLE FOR NUCLEAR ENERGY". They peacefully assemble in front of the Springfield Nuclear Power Plant.

DEMONSTRATOR #1

(INTO BULLHORN ADDRESSING CROWD) He
also brought you the... Speed Bump...

DEMONSTRATOR #1 (CONT'D)

CROWD CHEERS.

The Dip Sign...

DEMONSTRATOR #1 (CONT'D)

CROWD CHEERS LOUDER.

The fifteen-mile-an-hour speed limit on
Main Street.

CROWD GRUMBLES AND BOOS.

DEMONSTRATOR #1 (CONT'D)

I give you the man whose very name is
synonymous with safety... Mr. Safety
... Homer Simpson!

The crowd APPLAUDS. Homer climbs up on the car, causing
the roof to buckle slightly and the suspension to creak.

HOMER

(INTO BULLHORN) Thank you.

The crowd settles.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(INTO BULLHORN) Unlike most of you, I
am not a nut. Just a good, honest
American who opposes wrongdoing and
carelessness wherever they occur.

HIGH ANGLE HOMER

We watch Homer rouse the crowd with his oratory. WE PULL
OUT and we're in:

INT. MONTGOMERY BURNS' OFFICE

Montgomery Burns, the sinister but charismatic president of
the power plant and Smithers are watching Homer.

BURNS

Look at that man. He has the crowd in
the palm of his hand. Haven't seen
anything like it since Churchill. Who
is he?

SMITHERS

(HANDS BURNS BINOCULARS) That's Homer Simpson, sir. Better known as "Mr. Safety."

BURNS

Homer Simpson? I think I read about him in Time Magazine.

SMITHERS

No, I don't think so. It might have been in "The Springfield Shopper". He used to work here in the plant, but we fired him for gross incompetence.

BURNS

Oh, so that's his little game. Get this Simpson character up here right now.

SMITHERS

But, Mr. Burns.

BURNS

I said, DO IT! NOW DO IT! DO IT! DO IT!

EXT. POWER PLANT

Homer is still standing on the car addressing the audience with a bullhorn.

HOMER

(INTO BULLHORN) I know for a fact that some of the men at this plant work up to eight hours on a single shift with only a lunch hour and a handful of fifteen-minute donut breaks to keep refreshed!

The crowd BOOS. Smithers and TWO BIG GOONS approach Homer.

SMITHERS

Hey, Simpson.

A hush falls over the crowd.

SMITHERS (CONT'D)

Burns wants to talk to you. Right away.

HOMER

(IMPRESSED) Really? (INTO BULLHORN)
Ladies and Gentlemen, the president of this very power plant has just agreed to meet with me. So stay here, I'll be right back.

Homer carefully tries to climb down off the car and falls to the ground. Quickly getting to his feet, Homer and Smithers enter the plant grounds.

INT. MONTGOMERY BURNS' OFFICE

Burns sitting behind his gigantic desk with just one file folder on it. There is a WEAK TAPPING at the door.

BURNS

(YELLS) Come in.

After a long pause, the door opens enough for Homer to stick his head in meekly. He looks around, then is shoved from behind by Smithers and two big goons.

SMITHERS (V.O.)

Get in there.

As Homer sits in a chair across from Mr. Burns, Burns presses a button on his desk and the office door automatically shuts. Mr. Burns looks down at a photograph of Homer in the dossier on his desk.

BURNS

Homer J. Simpson... I've been listening
to your rabble-rousing out there.
You're a pretty smart guy, aren't you?

HOMER

Well, sir, I wouldn't say that.

BURNS

Simpson, we are alike in many ways. We have the same needs and desires. We are both powerful men and I think, together, we would make a dynamite team.

HOMER

Hmmmm. I guess Mr. Safety could use a sidekick.

BURNS

No, Simpson, that wasn't quite what I had in mind. I want you to come back and rejoin our power plant family.

HOMER

Sorry. No can do.

BURNS

Hear me out, Simpson. I don't want you to come back as a technical supervisor, or supervising technician, or whatever the hell you used to do. I want you to be in charge of safety here at the plant.

HOMER

What?

BURNS

You heard me. Safety.

HOMER

I don't know what to say.

BURNS

Say yes, Simpson.

HOMER

But sir, if the truth be known, I actually caused more accidents around here than any other employee. There were even a few doozies no one ever found out about.

BURNS

If that doesn't bother us, why should it bother you? The generous offer I'm making is good for thirty seconds, Simpson. You'd better think fast.

Burns turns over a thirty-second sand-timer on his desk.

CLOSE UP - HOMER

Little Homer Devil appears wearing a baseball cap.

LITTLE HOMER DEVIL

What are you waiting for, Homer?

HOMER

(To Devil) Well, it does sound
tempting.

Little Homer Angel appears, also wearing a baseball cap.

LITTLE HOMER ANGEL

But, Homer, you in charge of safety?
This place could blow sky-high.

LITTLE HOMER DEVIL

Come on. That was the old Homer
Simpson. You'll concentrate on your
work now, won't you?

HOMER

Yeah, I guess I could do that.

WIDE SHOT

We see no devil or angel. Homer appears to be talking to himself. Burns looks on suspiciously.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(LOOKING OVER HIS RIGHT SHOULDER) Wow,
that's a consideration. (TURNS HIS
HEAD TO THE OTHER SIDE; AFTER A PAUSE)
Hmmm; you've got a point there.
(ANOTHER PAUSE) Gee, I hadn't thought
of that.

BURNS

Simpson. Thirty seconds is up. Quit talking to yourself and give me a decision.

CLOSE UP - HOMER, LITTLE HOMER ANGEL AND LITTLE HOMER DEVIL

LITTLE HOMER DEVIL

Come on, you need a job. That safety crap doesn't pay diddly.

LITTLE HOMER ANGEL

It would be nice if you went back to work.

HOMER

You agree with him?

LITTLE HOMER ANGEL

Well, not exactly, but it doesn't seem fair that Marge has to work so hard.

LITTLE HOMER DEVIL

Gee, I hadn't thought of that. I kinda like freeloading off of Marge.

HOMER

Look, I guess what we're saying is there's no right or wrong answer here.

LITTLE HOMER DEVIL

(SHRUGS) Yeah. I guess you're right.

LITTLE HOMER ANGEL

(SHRUGS) Go ahead. Do whatever you want.

BACK TO WIDE SHOT

HOMER

(TO BURNS) What the hey. I'll take
the job.

BURNS

(EYEING HIM DUBIOUSLY) Well, I am
very... pleased to welcome you back.

HOMER

When do I start?

BURNS

Right now. Come with me, Simpson.

Mr. Burns stands up and opens the door to his balcony which overlooks the crowd of PROTESTERS outside. He steps out on his balcony. The CROWD BOOS and CRIES OF DERISION are heard. Homer steps out to WILD CHEERS and CHANTS of "Homer, Homer."

Homer motions to the crowd to quiet down and holds up the bullhorn.

BURNS (CONT'D)

(GRABS BULLHORN FROM HOMER) I've just
had a very fruitful discussion with
your leader, and we have agreed that a
few minor changes do need to be made.
Among them, a full-time safety
inspector, none other than Homer
Simpson!

Burns hands Homer the bullhorn. Burns leans toward Homer.
The crowd CHEERS.

BURNS (CONT'D)

(OUT OF THE SIDE OF HIS MOUTH) Tell them the plant is safe.

HOMER

What?

BURNS

(A LITTLE LOUDER) What, are you deaf? Tell them the plant is safe.

Little Homer Angel and Little Homer Devil appear.

LITTLE HOMER ANGEL

Oh, I knew something like this was going to happen.

LITTLE HOMER DEVIL

Me too. Come on, Homer. He's the boss.

HOMER

(THRU BULLHORN) I declare this plant... safe!

HOMER TUMBLES OVER SIDE OF BALCONY AND PLUMMETS THREE STORIES.

HOMER

Whoa!

Little Homer Angel and Little Homer Devil remain floating in air watching him fall, shaking their heads.

Crowd GASPS and falls silent. Homer is caught in the arms of the crowd. They lift him onto their shoulders and carry him towards town, CHEERING wildly.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - DINING ROOM - WEEKS LATER

Family except for Homer is at table.

LISA

Where's Dad?

BART

Yeah, man. Ever since Mr. Safety got
his job back, he's never home on time.

HEAR FRONT DOOR OPEN and FOOTSTEPS approaching

MARGE

Homer, we're in here. I made your
favorite smothered pork chops...

FOOTSTEPS continue to approach. Homer enters looking
dazed. He glows a bright blue. SFX: HUMMM.

HOMER

There was a little accident at the
plant today.

FADE TO BLACK

Except for Homer, who still glows.

THE END